

THE CENSOR.

No. 3.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4TH, 1828. [3d.

"I have sent the Book according to your commands; I should have sent it, if you
"had not commanded me."—*Pliny the Younger.*

The Press in Fear.

Our Secretary has introduced to our notice, an obscure paper yecept the Weekly (or *Weakly*) Times, of which we, in the higher walks of literature, had never previously heard, and which vulgarly hath it thus—

"THE CENSOR."

"Three youths (Templars we are told) have sent forth a work, entitled as above. These magnanimous sprigs seem determined, with a few touches of their pen, to alter the world and all its hoary institutions. They talk like seventeen-year old apprentices at a shilling debating society. The Censor is in fact a compound of ignorance, impertinence, and conceit. There is one circumstance, however, which it is but justice towards the three editors and proprietors to notice. They have, we hear, actually avowed their determination of sacrificing fifty pounds (all doubtless saved in sixpences) to the success of their important work. Nothing can exceed the magnanimity of this endeavour."

Down to "hoary institutions" we perfectly agree with the writer, and are glad to find that he is possessed of sufficient penetration to perceive the object of our work. We, knowing nothing of the talk of seventeen-year old apprentices at shilling debating societies, will not take the trouble to confute the remark of the sapient editor, who, of course, speaks from observation; we can only say, that if their talk *be* similar to ours, the debating societies must be in a singularly flourishing condition: but surely such cannot be the case, or the editor of the miserable journal in question would never have been admitted a member.

With respect to the terms "impertinence and conceit," the blockhead who has used them appears to have a very erroneous idea of their meaning; we will not, however, wound his feelings by referring him to the four-volume edition of Johnson's Dictionary, which is probably beyond his reach, but his finances will perhaps enable him to purchase an abridgement of that popular work, which he will find better suited both to his pocket and his comprehension.

As to the latter part of the vulgar article, which, over our *Falernian* and *Olives*, we are now condescending to discuss, we can only account for its heavy and obscure nature, by the benevolent supposition, that it was concocted over a *pot of porter and a pipe.*

We gave instructions to the least fastidious of our scouts, to discover the person who has dared thus insolently to speak of our work. After having, by the most intense vigilance, contrived to wade through the dense mist of obscurity in which the individual is enveloped, aforesaid scout at length found him to be the author of that *elegant* Dramatic Satire (query, Satire on the Drama) now acting at the Coburg Theatre, under the title of “*Wives by Advertisement*,” three reviews of which have already appeared in the *Weakly Times*, and a fourth is, we understand, in active preparation; no respectable paper has noticed this production, but the prologue is to be found in the second and last number of a work called the *Green Room Argus*; between which, when it was in being, and the *Weakly Times*, we should imagine, from their similarity of style, a coalition to have existed.

Should this despicable journal compel us to mention it again, we shall show it no mercy; but without hesitation put forth our gigantic paw, and crush it with the same facility as Achilles—but hold, we are getting classical, and of course, therefore, unintelligible to the dolt whom we have now sufficiently lashed.

On the Censor.

IMITATED FROM MARTIAL.

This work in which so many find delight,
Some few, perchance, may criticise through spite :
It matters not—those dishes are the best,
Not which the *cook* approves of, but the *guest* !

On the Influence of Knowledge.

Notandi sunt tibi mores.—HOR.

That the improvement in morals is not always in proportion to the extent of knowledge is a fact universally admitted, but the cause of this mortifying defect has been sought rather in the varying principles and manners of men, than in the passions by which they are actuated. Philosophers appear less venerable in their deportment and conversation, than in their system and writings; and if the foibles of the learned were as duly registered and faithfully collected, the volumes would be ponderous and the catalogue dismal. The love of science is natural to the human mind, because the attainment of the means of happiness is the business of life; and, therefore, whatever tends to multiply our enjoyments, or abridge our cares, will necessarily have a prevailing influence over our thoughts and affections, but in this, as in most other pursuits, disappointment too often follows application. The valetudinarian, on every trivial debility, resorts to medicine instead of exercise; so the man who devotes himself to letters, seeks wisdom in books when he should be engaged in the active use of what he has already acquired, and in marking the progress which he has made.

Too many place their religion in reading, hearing, and studying, rather than in meditation and diligent employment: hence it is that books are multiplied out of number, and libraries enlarged beyond all reasonable bounds. That degree of intelligence, which formerly would have rendered a man respectable in the highest circles of society, would now be scarcely any recommendation in the lowest,—when the elements of learning are simplified to the comprehension of the weakest mind, and the vast body of science is palatable to the lowest capacity. Reading of every kind, not even excepting the most serious, is become one of the indispensable luxuries of life, and a source of elegant amusement. Thus it is that knowledge is generally diffused; but like the ductile metal which is beat out into sheets, it loses in weight and influence what it gains in splendour and admiration. The morbid spirit of curiosity turns nothing to a profitable purpose, but is incessantly at work to gratify a craving appetite; and, therefore, it ought not to excite surprise, that any who are so unhappily affected should be little edified by their literary attainments. These persons know everything which passes out of their own minds, and they can form a very elaborate judgment of most opinions and characters, except their own, so that it may be truly said of them, that though they are familiar every where, they are perfect strangers at home. The pride of knowledge renders men indifferent, if not blind, to their moral failings; and the courtesy of the world has in general been more lenient to the vices than to the mistakes of those who have contributed by their ingenuity to the stock of entertainment. If biographers have not ventured to apologise for the obliquities which they have been compelled to notice, it is to be lamented that they have for the most part shewn an anxious inclination to soften down what they could not with modesty either presume to deny or venture to excuse. That brilliant genius and extraordinary attainments are sufficient to cover the deformities of the heart, or to palliate any evil habits of life, would be a most preposterous assumption in argument; and yet the manner in which the follies of the wise have been treated by historians would lead the inconsiderate reader to imagine, that splendid talents are really, in some instances, a privilege for licentiousness.

Whatever allowance may be justly made for the infirmities of human nature, from which it is not to be expected that men of learning should be entirely free, any more than their less favoured brethren, it is yet reasonable to seek in their manners the effects of their principles and the fruit of their researches. Strange, then, must it appear to men of plain understanding, when they find that moralists are the slaves of their passions, and that the professors of wisdom are in many things as weak and credulous as their less informed neighbours. Such critical observers, it is to be feared, will either be disposed to entertain unworthy notions of learning, or what is still worse, they will be inclined to confound the distinctions of virtue and vice, by alleging the example of those who have compassed the sphere of science without correcting their

errors, or increasing their usefulness. Few have penetration enough to perceive, that the fault lies in the improper spirit of those who have the reputation of knowledge, and who are continually bent upon the acquisition of new objects for the mere pleasure of the gratification, or to obtain the honour of a discovery. Like the miser who has no other enjoyment of his riches than what arises from the accumulation of his store, the man of vast reading is tormented with a perpetual desire to swell a treasure which he is afraid of losing, and which he has not the ability or the courage to apply to any beneficial purpose. In paying, therefore, a respect to literature, let us at the same time consider it as subservient to the higher ends of our being; and as human life is a period of labour, let us constantly bear in mind that the excellency of all science consists in its utility.

The First Kiss.

When bosoms burn, and cheeks are flushed,
 And words are few and faintly spoken,
 Till voices cease, in silence hushed,
 Too deep and happy to be broken;
 When looks are glancing, to and fro,
 'Twixt eyes, that seem each other's heaven;
 Oh! then, best bliss of all below,
 It is, that Love's first kiss is given!

"Best bliss?" No, what can greater be,
 Than, in an hour so fond and stilly,
 That hearts would burst, with ecstasy,
 If lips, as well as mute, were chilly,
 To feel that kiss repaid—to see
 The idol worshipp'd turn adorer,
 Till woman grows a devotee,
 And kneels to him who knelt before her?

Horrors of Love.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CENSOR.

Shudder not, most refined Triad, at the title of this communication; it contains no panegyrics on the tender passion,—no pathetic appeals to elderly people, in favour of a *single* and affectionate *couple*. Cupid has inflicted upon me so many pangs, and occasioned me so many indignities, that, instead of advocating his cause, willingly would I destroy his dominion, were it possible to break the chains in which he has secured me. Love, however, has not soured my disposition so much as to deprive me of every benevolent feeling; I, therefore, write this in the hope that you, as Censors, will prohibit all persons from becoming enamoured of anything beyond themselves, until they can boast the entire liberty

of their time and person. To strengthen you in your arguments against the pernicious practice of forming early attachments, I subjoin you an account of a few of the miseries resulting from my giving way to the impulses of my nature.

At the age of sixteen I was articled to an attorney, who, considering all things unconnected with law illegal, denied me every pleasure that did not emanate from my profession. Thus situated my exit from my office was constantly characterized by an *allegro* movement not to be discovered on my entrance. I had, however, passed three years on good terms with my master, when a mutual dislike, which was engendered by affection, disclosed itself. A young lady, of great beauty and amiable disposition, happening to be on a visit at my father's house, I found, ere long, the tender passion take violent hold on me. The thoughts of *declarations in love* expelled all ideas of *declarations in law*, and I became too much engaged in urging my own suit to attend to those of my master's clients. After some time, spent in making myself agreeable, I ventured to pen a draft avowal of my love, for copying which an opportunity, at my office, soon presented itself. A little man, with a long face, entered the study of my master, who appeared much pleased at the propitious extent of his client's visage. I was urbanely requested to retire. A delightful copy of my letter was almost achieved, when, in the absence of the servant, I was suddenly summoned to escort to the door the new client, who had left instructions for the commencement of an important action. This office I performed somewhat reluctantly, and not the less so for having left my letter on the desk;—but what language can express my agony on perceiving, at my return, my superior seated on my chair writing on my epistle, the blank side of which I had left uppermost, a letter for payment of debt. Tremblingly I watched the pen pursue its blackening course to the bottom of the page, till it terminated thus:—"or proceedings will be instituted against you by, sir:"—the paper was turned to receive the signature, when "your ever faithful and truly attached adorer" met his eye. The thought of being about to commence a *good action* had given his feelings a benevolent turn. He contented himself with reading aloud and ridiculing my effusion, tearing it in pieces, and commencing another letter. Happy for me had my misfortunes ended here. I was then instructed to prepare a writ against an unfortunate doctor; but my thoughts being wholly bent on love, I unconsciously commanded the sheriff of Middlesex to have the body of my soul's idol, instead of that of the real defendant, before our justices at Westminster. This writ, duly signed and sealed, I placed before my superior, who was not long in discovering my mistake. Fired with rage, he flung the slip of parchment before me, pushed his chair violently from him, and insisted on knowing by what authority I had dared to disobey his commands. "I, sir," exclaimed he, "instructed you to prepare a writ against a chemist and druggist, and you, sir, have issued it against"—"An angel,"

cried I, with pathos, at the same time turning my eyes affectionately from the writ to the ceiling. It is a matter of speculation how long I might have remained in this dramatic position, had not a bundle of papers, hurled at my head by my infuriated master, taken decided effect.—I was dashed by my Mentor, like another Telemachus, not into the sea, but on the floor. On recovering my perpendicular, I considered my honour wounded—took my hat and departed. I have not yet returned to my station, and our quarrel may, perhaps, never be arranged; I shall thus have made an enemy of one, on whose friendship might, possibly, have depended the success of my future life. The above form but a small portion of the sorrowful catalogue of misfortunes and insults I have been compelled to undergo in the cause of love,—a cause in which, during the present state of society, it would be folly for any votarist to anticipate aught but misery, unless the field be entered with numerous auxiliaries, in golden uniforms, over whom, it can be made appear, he is sole and despotic commander.

AMATOR.

Byron and Shelley.

Most wretched men
Are cradled into Poetry by wrong;
They learn in suffering what they teach in song.

Mourned in their muteness, as mournful in their song, two of the most affecting voices that ever breathed the music of Poesy are hushed into silence for ever. Their once mighty and inspiring hands have dropped powerless from their lyres,—and their warm and sensitive hearts are gone cold and passionless to the grave,—where their acheless heads have long, ere this, been “cradled by the worms,” to the inanimate oblivion of a slumber far more deep and sweet than

“A baby’s, rocked on its nurse’s knee.”

It is not, however, that they were brother minstrels, or that they both died so prematurely, that we lament them thus together; but simply because we know of no two poets whom we so much admire and deplore. Dejected by the same melancholy feelings,—animated by the same mighty yet wayward thoughts,—they sunk successively to the tomb: one the victim of disease, the other of temerity; or, as some would term it, fate. Had we not known the manner of their death, we should have said that the spirit of Byron had burst from earth, overcome by its own intensity; while the heart of Shelley had fallen into the sepulchre, melted by its own tenderness, or broken, like the fabled swans’, by the sweetness of his own subduing music. Be this as it may, each has left behind him the undying traces of a light which will shed more brilliance in the immortality of its fadeless shadow, than the most luminous flashes from the minds of their still surviving competitors, though conceived in all the vigour and maturity of expanding or experienced genius.

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to remark that with respect to quantity, no fair comparison can be drawn between these two celebrated writers; or to inform our readers that the minority in which Shelley is left, is attended by the additional disadvantage of several irremediable omissions in some of his, otherwise, most effective productions. Besides which, the flow of his numbers is not always agreeable to the rules of euphony; while, on the contrary, all that remains of Byron (with the exception of *Cain*, and *Heaven and Earth*, where the design of art is lost in the mightiness of conception) appears to have been executed with such refined taste and polished strength, as almost to render it difficult for us to distinguish between grace and feeling. We do not, however, mention this as a proof of his superiority,—nay, we think Shelley, in the delivery of his sentiments, preferable to Byron: the latter evidently had a ready and brilliant conception, but after the thought had been conceived he studied how he should express it;—the former gave his imaginations to the world just as they occurred: the one reflected how he should speak, the other told us how he had reflected. Every sound that came from the harp of Byron was harmonized by some exquisite touch of art;—that of Shelley was *Æolian*, whose strings, hanging loose and careless, lay open to every sudden gust of thought that swept from his fitful mind; and, therefore, burst in broken murmurs, not always grateful, to the ear.

Having hinted thus far as to the difference in their styles of composition, we proceed to take a cursory glance of their respective productions, accompanying it with such observations as the limits of our space will allow. We will begin then with affirming *Don Juan* to be the *chef d'œuvre* of Byron, each canto of which contains enough to immortalize its author: the letter of *Donna Julia*, in the first,—how forcibly touching is the simple tenderness of its eloquence! the shipwreck of *Juan*, in the second,—how awfully harrowing! the *Isles of Greece*, in the third,—how burning and how beautiful!

The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea,
And musing there, an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free ;—
For, standing on the Persian-grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

And, in the fourth, how exquisitely imagined, is the siesta of *Juan* and *Haidee*:

A gentle slumber, but it was not deep,
For ever and anon a something shook
Juan, and shuddering o'er his face would creep,
And *Haidee's* sweet lips murmured like a brook
A wordless music, and her face so fair,
Stirr'd with her dream as rose leaves with the air.

Cold must be the heart that cannot feel the tremor here described. What a triumph of Poesy over painting. Whose is the pencil that shall convey to us the idea of “*Haidee's* sweet lips murmuring like a brook?” There are many passages within

our recollection equally enchanting; and perhaps the most beautiful of all we have omitted to quote;—we allude to the 156th and 157th stanzas of the second canto, and those verses of the fifteenth canto, containing the portraiture of Aurora Raby.

The remainder of his works are too numerous to be noticed separately; but not one of them do we call to memory without a crowd of ideas, fraught with beauty and inspiration, rushing on our mind;—in fine, were we to extract all that we admire in the tomes of Byron, our selection would fall little short of the volumes themselves. When we think of *Childe Harold*,—*Lara*,—the *Corsair*,—and the *Bride of Abydos*,—how deeply must we feel the loss of such a bard. Who can read “*Cain*,” and not feel his spirit dilate at the magnificence of his language and conceptions?—How finely imagined is the frenzy of Cain, after he has slain his brother:

“The earth is wet, and yet there are no dews.—’Tis blood.”

And then, when the murderer turns to his wife, Adah, and exclaims, in the shame and agony of his conscience,—“Leave me!” How touching,—how affectionate,—how noble her reply!

“Never!—though thy God should.”

Oh! we should have such hearts as Adah’s in the world, and man would then be happy. Of his tragedies, grand and imposing as they are, we have only space to say, that we think the *Doge of Venice* and *Sardanapalus* deserve the preference. We have reserved our mention of the “*Giaour*” until now, for the purpose of introducing to our readers an anecdote connected with it, which will, at once, falsify the assertion of those tame-hearted critics, who have attributed to Byron superficial feeling. Some of our readers may, perhaps, remember the time when the late Lord Falkland, who was a very handsome man, received his death wound in a duel. Byron was with him when he died, and was so struck with the beauty of the countenance in its deadly state, that he sat the whole night through, in the chamber of death, contemplating the placid features of his breathless friend;—and to the hours thus past are we indebted for those so deeply sweet and exquisitely mournful lines, commencing—

“He who hath bent him o’er the dead.”

Who is he, then, that will call Byron superficial? We are startled from a strain of sadness into one of indignation, by the perusal of the following paragraph in No. 48, of the *Athenæum*. Speaking of the poems of this splendid writer, from the *Giaour* to *Parisina* inclusive, the editor says—“*We admit, without one moment’s delay or hesitation, that these poems—the whole knot of them—express nothing but the most outside superficial feelings.*” A most rational conclusion, truly;—so this cautious editor, who is for ever prating, “in puling strain,” about his freedom from dogmatism,* presumes, “*without one moment’s delay or hesitation,*”

* “We have said, in our humble judgment, Lord Byron was not a first-rate poet;—that he should not be placed in the first rank of his contemporaries. Our reasons for this notion we have attempted to give *without dogmatism.*”—*Athenæum*.

to pronounce a vilifying dogma on the sentiments of such a noble spirit as Lord Byron's—and, in the heat of his vulgarity, to declare the whole knot of them (for that is his own elegant expression) to be shallow and superficial. The absurdity of this opinion we were, at first, inclined to attribute to ignorance; but on reading further, we discovered it to arise from, what Mr. Buckingham would, doubtless, designate, a benevolent apathy, but which we term heartlessness. Hear how the Platonic editor continues:—
“How have we seen persons affected by Byron's works? Men of genius—persons of really deep feeling, who could conceive all that Byron told them, and a good deal more besides—were perfectly untouched!” What an original paradox:—to tell us that men of genius (among whom the writer, of course, includes himself) can “conceive all that Byron told them, and a great deal more besides,” and yet remain perfectly untouched. Really, Mr. Buckingham, the comprehension of this separation of thought from feeling, belongs exclusively to yourself. Proceed, most sapient philosopher;—proceed, in all the pedantry of your metaphysical jargon; and you will soon become as ridiculous as Coleridge himself. A word at parting:—Do persuade these men of genius—who “can conceive all that Byron told them, and a good deal more besides,” to get their brains quickly delivered of their mighty weight, lest it terminate in a miscarriage. “So much for Buckingham!”—(*To be concluded in our next.*)

Stanzas, by Sforza.

Oh! why, in the world, should I further go on,
 When the lights are all out that illumined my way;
 And the hopes of my childhood for ever are gone,
 From the heart where they once like an amulet lay?
 They tell me, ere life has been all traversed o'er,
 Some flowers worth gathering still I may find;
 But, alas! when I think of the roses before,
 I sigh, and remember the roses behind.
 And then they will tell me 'tis folly to sigh,
 That few I shall meet with to smile on the sad;
 I know it,—but oh! when the heartless are by,
 'Tis vain to dissemble,—I cannot look glad.
 They censure me too for the look that I wear,
 As if of my nature its coldness were part;
 They are wrong,—though the world's icy hand has been there,
 It has not quite banished the warmth from my heart.
 But oh! in the world, if I further go on,
 I feel that its warmth will soon wither away;
 As already some Eden-like feelings are gone,
 Which I once used to dream would through life with me stay.
 As I once used to dream!—ah! 'tis thus we are cheated,
 Whenever the brain with sweet visions is filled;
 As the fondest of bosoms, however 'tis heated,
 Is sure, ere 'tis half through the world, to get chilled.

A Lesson for Profligates.

Sir Henry Wilford returned from the gaming-table to his house in Grosvenor Square, a winner of £10,000. "At length," cried he, on reaching his chamber, and placing the notes before him, "fortune has been favourable; a few such nights, and I shall have recovered all my losses, and then for ever adieu to the fickle goddess who has caused me so many hours of anxiety and misery." Again and again he counted over the spoil, till, having satiated his eyes, he threw himself on his couch to rest, but slumber refused "to steep his senses in forgetfulness." In his dreams he heard the rattling of the dice, the oaths of the unfortunate, and the exclamations of the successful; the horrid din of the gaming table was continually in his ears; he beheld the countenances of those whose wealth he had obtained, glaring on him with savage despair, and, amid their dreadful vows of vengeance, awoke. All was still and dark, nothing could be heard save the ticking of a watch, which to Henry's ear seemed a reproach to him for the time he had mispent since the death of his father. That event had left him in the absolute controul of a splendid fortune; but that fortune, which should have benefitted himself and his fellow-creatures—how had it been applied?—lavished in midnight revels, from which he had received no joy beyond that wild delight, which is found in the wanderings of a madman's brain. With reflections such as these it was impossible for Henry to sleep, and he arose in the morning resolved to alter his mode of life. His breakfast was scarcely finished, when Sir William Wildair entered the apartment to congratulate him on the success of the preceding evening: "But, Henry," said he, "had I not been aware of your good fortune, I should have thought from your phisiognomy you had been as unsuccessful as I know you to have been otherwise. You must contrive to look somewhat less grave, or you will make no conquests to night at Lady Dashall's." "To night I shall remain at home," interrupted Henry. "I will venture to swear you will do no such thing, when I tell you will meet with the most delicious creature your eyes ever beheld. I have already been introduced to her, and will take care to secure her on your behalf for at least a couple of sets." "Wildair," replied Henry, "you are particularly obliging, but you must excuse me; moreover, should I accept your offer, as my spirits will not allow me to be frivolous, I fear your fair friend would form but a mean opinion of your judgment in selecting me as an acquaintance." "Pshaw," cried Wildair, "she has beauty enough to throw life and eloquence into a very monument; egad, as I know your fortune has suffered lately, and the damsel possesses with immense loveliness proportionate cash, I should not swoon with astonishment were I to hear you hint at sacrificing your person, and making her your *cara sposa*. She is the only daughter of one Sir William Heartwell, who"—"Who was my dearest friend on earth,"

cried Henry, starting from his seat. "Possibly," answered Wildair, "but why interrupt what I was about to say? Sir W. has just returned from India with a daughter and a million of money, both of which I should advise you to secure. By the bye, I now recollect in mentioning your name, I observed the old gentleman did fix his eye upon his daughter rather strangely; and she"—"How did she act?" cried Henry, "speak, Wildair, speak, how did she appear?" "Somewhat moonstruck, as I imagined; examining her fan with as much minuteness as if she had just purchased it, and was admiring its beauties; but I have an appointment at three which gallantry commands me to attend; so *vale*, I shall call for you in my cab at eleven."

Sir William Heartwell had formerly resided on an estate adjoining that of Sir Henry Wilford's father, with whom during his life he had lived almost as a brother. To Sir William was left the guardianship of Sir Henry's son; a trust which Sir William willingly would have performed, had not the embarrassed state of his affairs in India, from whence he derived almost his whole income, compelled him to leave England a short time previous to his friend's death. Henry Wilford was an only son, Mary Heartwell an only daughter; and as their respective parents were anxious to see them united, they were almost constantly in each other's society: Mary was sixteen, Henry a year older when they parted. They separated with few words, but their tears told more eloquently than the tongue, how dearly they were mutually beloved. Henry for a time was constant to the object of his attachment; but, alas! he suffered himself to be drawn into the whirlpool of dissipation, and in its maddening round soon ceased to remember her, who till then had been the constant companion of his thoughts. She was now brought to his recollection more vividly than ever. The hour approached in which he was to see and converse with one, who had once been to him a friend, a sister, and a lover: but would she be so still: had he not by his own depravity forfeited all claim even to *one* of those endearing names?

His reflections were disturbed by the arrival of Wildair, with whom he soon found himself at the house of Lady Dashall. On his entrance an involuntary tremor agitated him, which, however, he strove to conceal from his associate, but he lost all government over his feelings, when the first object that presented itself to his view, was the form of Mary clasped by another, and moving in the giddy circle of the waltz. "'Tis she! 'tis she!" he exclaimed, and unconscious of all around him, pointing to her sylph-like form, again repeated, "'tis she!" "Henry, what are you about?" cried Wildair, "for heaven's sake change that vulgar position." This rebuke rallied Henry to his senses, who, to avoid the observation of the company, withdrew to a secluded part of the apartment, where he stood watching with the most passionate anxiety every movement of Mary. He had not remained long in this situation, when he was accosted by Lady Dashall, who insisted on dispelling his melancholy appearance by introducing

him to a lady, the honour of whose hand all were anxious to obtain. This was no other than Mary Heartwell. She and Henry, to whom her every thought and wish had been once confided, were formally introduced to each other, and the usual cold ceremonious bow exchanged between them. The dance began and ended without a word being uttered by either. Frequently did Henry essay to speak, but the words died upon his lips; the arm of his beloved was at length placed within his own, he pressed it to his heart—their eyes met—those of Mary beamed on his affectionately for a moment, and then turned towards the ground: a thrill of joy pervaded his whole frame, and the restraint which those around placed upon his speech, alone prevented him from giving utterance to his feelings. After a few moments, he spoke of her father, and expressed his surprise that he had not been made acquainted with his arrival in the metropolis. “My father,” answered Mary, “has been given to understand, you were so much engaged in the pursuit of other occupations, that your time would be considered mispent in the society of an old, and perhaps long-forgotten friend.” “Forgotten,” cried Henry, “think you the happy hours of my childhood, or those dear beings with whom those hours were passed, have ever been absent from my memory—oh! no! I have led a wild and wayward life, but from the scenes of my youth, which seem like a beautiful island arising from the tempestuous ocean, on which I have so long been tossed, I have never been able to remove my gaze. True it is, I have committed actions which may render me unworthy of your love, but”—“Sir, this is language I must not listen to!” “Not listen to me, Mary; am I then inevitably abandoned? will you turn with indignation even from the voice of one, whom you once swore to love faithfully and for ever? You tremble, Mary—you cannot—I know you cannot—you are not so worldly, so cold, so heartless.” “Henry, dear Henry,” whispered Mary, “it is in vain to dissemble, spite of all that has been rumoured of you, you are now as dear to me as ever.”

At this moment, Sir William Heartwell, approaching his daughter, intimated his wish to retire, and making a slight bow to Henry, took her from his arm, and withdrew from the assembly. Our hero was not long in following the example of Sir William, whose cool treatment had severely wounded him; he, however, found consolation in the hope that ere long he should recover by his reformation the good opinion of his once kind friend.

Henry was pledged on the morrow to entertain a party of his associates; but resolved, that from that time he would seclude himself entirely from their society.

His companions arrived at the expected hour: the entertainment was sumptuous as on other occasions; but Henry's reserved manner was universally remarked, and threw a chill on the gaiety of all around him. “Henry,” exclaimed Wildair, “you look as melancholy as a monk; one would almost imagine from your vacant look, you had been guilty of so great an absurdity, as

actually to fall in love with the girl from India, I jestingly recommended to you as a wife: however, I'll endeavour to raise your spirits, by proposing her as a toast." "Hold," cried Henry, "never will I pollute the name of one so dear to me, by allowing it to be uttered in such society as this." This remark produced a general murmur; no one, however, spoke aloud but Wildair. "Can it be possible," cried he, "that Henry Wilford, whose independent spirit has been so long admired, will at last become the voluntary slave of a simple girl: one who, I admit, might as a mistress"—"Sir William Wildair," cried Henry, "I am master of this house, and insist that this topic be discussed no further. Suffice it to say, I shall perhaps ere long change my situation in life! but to enable me to do so, I must alter the style of living I have hitherto adopted." Here Markham, one of the company present, left the apartment.

It is now necessary to give the reader some insight into the character of Markham. He was the younger son of a nobleman, whose profligacy and extravagance had left his children no other legacy than their high birth. Educated in the school of vice, Markham applied this advantage to the basest purposes: he courted the friendship of the young and rich nobility, only for the purpose of rendering their wealth subservient to his own gratifications. Henry was one of his victims; by having instilled into his mind the love of gaming, he had already won from him several considerable sums; and perceiving his dominion over him was about to cease, he resolved ere the night should end, with the aid of Maurice, his companion in crime, to put the finishing stroke to the unfortunate Wilford's ruin. Markham and Maurice met as the former was leaving Henry's house; their plans were immediately arranged, but that the understanding as to sharing the spoils might be rendered definite, they repaired to a neighbouring coffee-house, where an agreement was drawn and signed. They were about to leave the room, in which they imagined no one was present but themselves, when a stranger springing from the bench where he had been reclining, drew a pistol from his breast, and placing his back against the door, prevented them from leaving the apartment.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Dramatic Censor.

DRURY LANE.

We are sorry to perceive the poverty of the companies engaged for the ensuing season at the two winter theatres. Drury Lane is deprived of Wallack, Dowton, and Mathews, for whom it will be no easy matter to find efficient substitutes. Mr. Young is certainly a great acquisition to this theatre, but one first-rate performer is not sufficient; a combination of talent is requisite to the adequate representation of most of our best tragedies. For example, who is there at Drury Lane capable of performing Othello

to the Iago of Mr. Young? Mr. Macready should have been retained, and this house might then have boasted a good tragic company. The comic department is also by no means complete, the only actors for genteel comedy being Cooper and Jones, who, though possessing great capabilities, will prove ineffectual unless supported by other performers of corresponding talent. We are glad to find that Braham resumes his station, and we hope that there is truth in the report that Miss Paton is about to be engaged.

COVENT GARDEN.

The *corps dramatique* announced for this theatre, is in every respect inferior to that of last season. For tragedy, Kean remains, but his services become less valuable from the secession of Mr. Young; for it was the union of the transcendent abilities of these two great tragedians, which proved so attractive during the past season. Farren's engagement at Drury Lane leaves this house without one competent representative of old men; for although Fawcett and Blanchard are both exceedingly clever in this line, yet there are many characters in which Mr. Farren excels, and which neither of the above named gentlemen are capable of sustaining. In the operatic department, a Mr. Bianchi Taylor is to be the substitute for Sapio, whom we are surprised to find is not engaged, as he is unquestionably one of the two finest singers on the English stage. Mr. Bianchi Taylor is, we believe, possessed of a voice less powerful than pleasing, and some science; but is by no means qualified to lead the tenor at Covent Garden, much less to fill the void which must necessarily be the consequence of Mr. Sapio's absence from that theatre.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

A new operetta has been produced, under the title of the "Quartette." Our limits will not allow us to give the plot, which is exceedingly simple. Madame Feron sang with great spirit, and the piece has been repeated almost every evening with success. This house closed a very successful season, on Friday, October 3.

HAYMARKET.

Another translation from the French was brought out at this Theatre on Monday last, called "Management, or the Prompter Puzzled." As we do not suppose that this trifle will last long, we shall not trouble our readers with the plot. Farren did all he could for the principal character; and the other performers exerted themselves creditably. The piece was announced for repetition amidst disapprobation and applause, the latter of which predominated.

SURREY THEATRE.

Too much praise cannot be awarded to Mr. Elliston for his spirited and liberal manner of conducting this theatre: he has raised it from the very lowest of the minors, almost to an equality with the large houses. It was at this theatre that the charming music of Weigl, which has since been produced at the Italian and English Opera Houses, was first introduced to the notice of an English audience, and here also has been brought out the

first musical production of the lamented Weber, the beautiful opera of *Sylvana*.

The company is, perhaps, the most powerful ever engaged for a minor theatre, and comprises the talents of Miss Graddon, Mrs Fitzwilliam, Miss Helme, Messrs. T. Phillips, Osbaldiston, Rayner, &c. &c., and is about to receive the addition of Messrs. Williams and W. West, together with Mrs. Waylett. Besides the above-mentioned galaxy of talent, there is also a juvenile company consisting of young Burke, who is, indeed, a prodigy, and a few others whose vocal abilities are really surprising.

The opera of *Artaxerxes* has been produced, the whole of the *Dramatis Personæ* being sustained by children. Miss Coveney, who performed the arduous part of *Mandane*, executed the difficult music assigned to her with wonderful precision and effect: in the celebrated bravura, "The soldier tired," she displayed astonishing power, and, though requiring immense exertion, repeated it, at the call of the audience, with undiminished success. Miss Somerville made her debut as *Artaxerxes*, and appeared to considerable advantage; her voice is soft and touching, and she gave the delightful air, "In infancy our hopes and fears," most exquisitely. Miss Matley's *Arbaces* was also a highly creditable performance. Master Russell, as *Artabanes*, sang with great spirit and feeling, but we observed, occasionally, something exceedingly ludicrous in his action: he was now and then much too boisterous; his method of ferociously folding his arms, when he seizes the cup from the hand of *Arbaces*, and exclaims, "'Tis poison," was particularly absurd; and, frequently, in the course of the opera, he stamped upon the stage in a manner much more laughable than impressive. He, however, possesses a fine deep voice, though there is a somewhat disagreeable harshness about some of his upper notes. Braham's celebrated quartette, "Mild as the moon beams," was sung in a style which pleased the audience exceedingly, and it was enthusiastically encored. Notwithstanding, however, the simplicity and beauty of this composition, nothing can be more inapt than the moment chosen for its introduction: who ever heard of a man being led off to execution to a jig, and the criminal himself joining (*con spirito*) in that jig?

The juvenile company are shortly to appear in the comic opera of *The Padlock*, in which, we believe, young Burke is to sustain the part of *Mungo*.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

This little theatre, having been re-embellished and undergone various improvements during the recess, opened for the winter season on Monday last, under the management of Messrs. Mathews and Yates.

The company has been considerably strengthened by the accession of Messrs. Mathews and Sinclair, Miss Graddon and Mrs. Edwin, who, in addition to the established favourites of this house, form a combination of talent seldom to be met with at a minor theatre.

On the occasion of the opening, two new pieces were produced,

the first of which was merely local, and alluded to the newly-formed partnership of Messrs. Mathews and Yates; it however gave the former an opportunity of displaying his versatility by appearing in three different characters, each of which he personated in his usual felicitous manner. Mr. Sinclair introduced the song of "Here's a health to the King, God bless him," and Miss Graddon that of "Love was once a Little Boy," both of which were rapturously encored; these distinguished vocalists also gave the solo parts of "God save the King" very effectively.

The second piece was a burletta in two acts, called, "My Absent Son, or Brown Studies;" said to be from the pen of Mr. Buckstone, one of the performers belonging to the establishment. Whoever the author may be, the piece is pointless and absurd, without either plot, incident, or sense. Before the conclusion of the first act, the audience began to testify their disapprobation most unequivocally; and towards the close of the second, the uproar was so great as to render the performers totally inaudible. Mr. Mathews then came forward, and, as far as we could hear, spoke as follows. "Ladies and Gentlemen, I am extremely sorry that on the first night of my management, I should be under the necessity of addressing you on an occasion like this. It is not our wish to force any piece on the public of which they may disapprove; but I have had great experience as an actor, though not as a manager, and have known many which are now stock pieces, almost hooted off on the first night." (Great applause.) "*You have paralysed the efforts of the performers; and you have entirely destroyed me for one. You have not given the piece a fair hearing.*" Immense disapprobation followed this declaration, which in some degree subsided on Mr. Mathews adding, in a somewhat more respectful tone, "*Pray hear the piece to the conclusion.*" It was then suffered to proceed: the disapprobation, however, still continued, and it became almost general at the falling of the curtain.

The commencement of the season has been rendered extremely inauspicious, by the conduct of Mr. Mathews, who, from the warm manner in which he thought proper to express himself on the above occasion, has certainly not risen in the estimation of the public. We fear that he will make but a very inefficient manager, if he cannot witness the merited condemnation of a bad piece, without coming forward and impugning the judgment of the audience, as he most assuredly did on the evening in question. We, however, hope that he will take a lesson from what has past, and never on a future occasion allow the irritability of his disposition to cause him to forget his duty as a servant of the public.

CORRESPONDENTS *POSITIVELY* IN OUR NEXT.

Published (*every alternate Saturday*) by COWIE & STRANGE, 64, Paternoster Row; J. ILLBERRY, 1, Titchfield Street, Oxford Street; and J. CLEMENTS, 17, Little Pulteney Street, Golden Square. Communications (*post paid*) to be addressed to J. Illberry and J. Clements.

HETHERINGTON, Printer, 13, Kingsgate Street, Holborn.